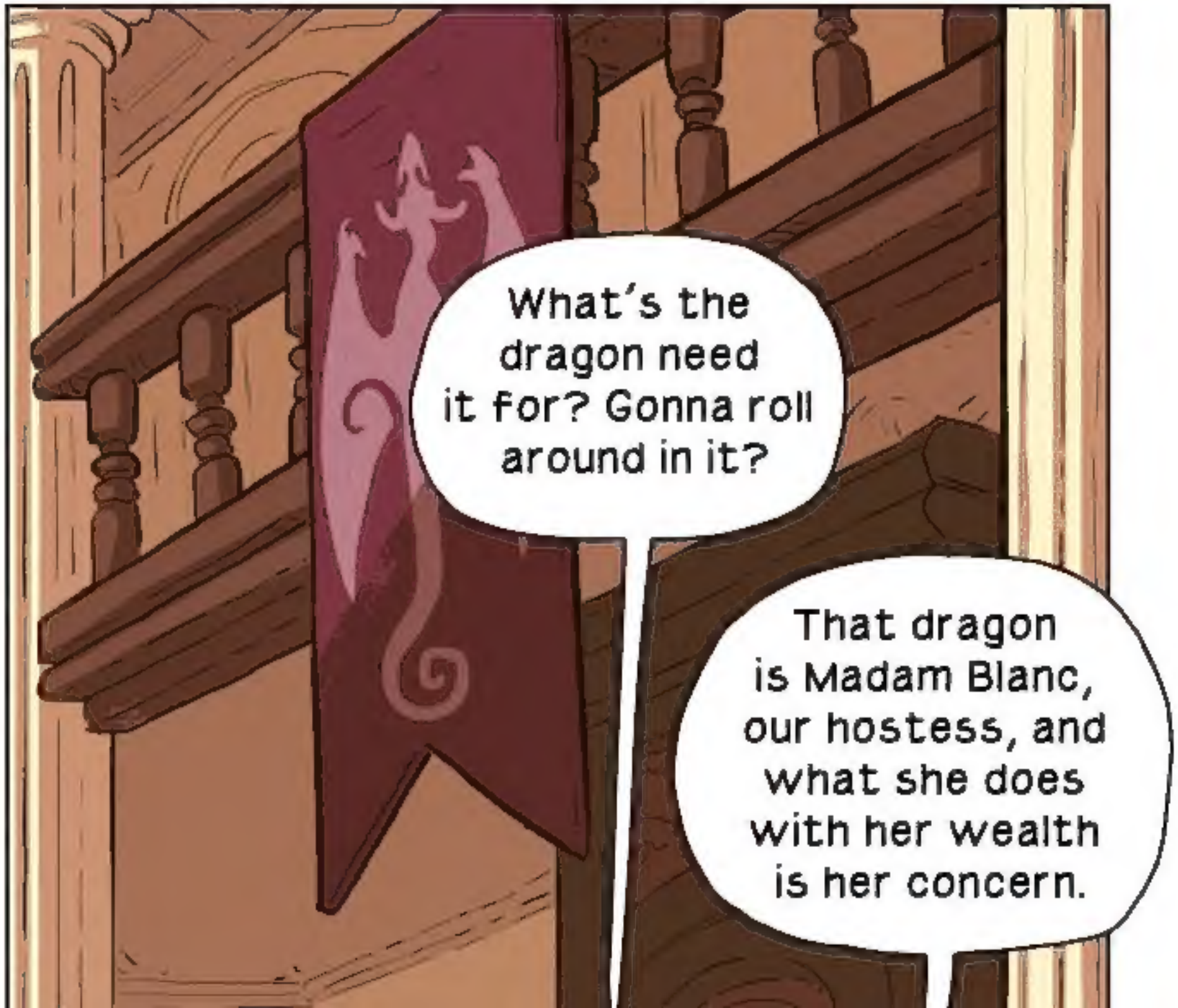
THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BEN FLEUTER

That's a lot of cash being thrown around, Yun. Holy crap.
Of course it is.


What's the dragon need it for? Gonna roll around in it?
That dragon is Madam Blanc, our hostess, and what she does with her wealth is her concern.

...But yes, probably roll around in it.

Like, I thought I was doing pretty good for myself monster-hunting, you know?
Ha!

Bounties cobbled together by desperate townsfolk? The insulting stipend governments put aside to exterminate spirits?

Please. The private market flows with wealth while the hunters fight each other over scraps.
The wise ones learn who can line their pockets.

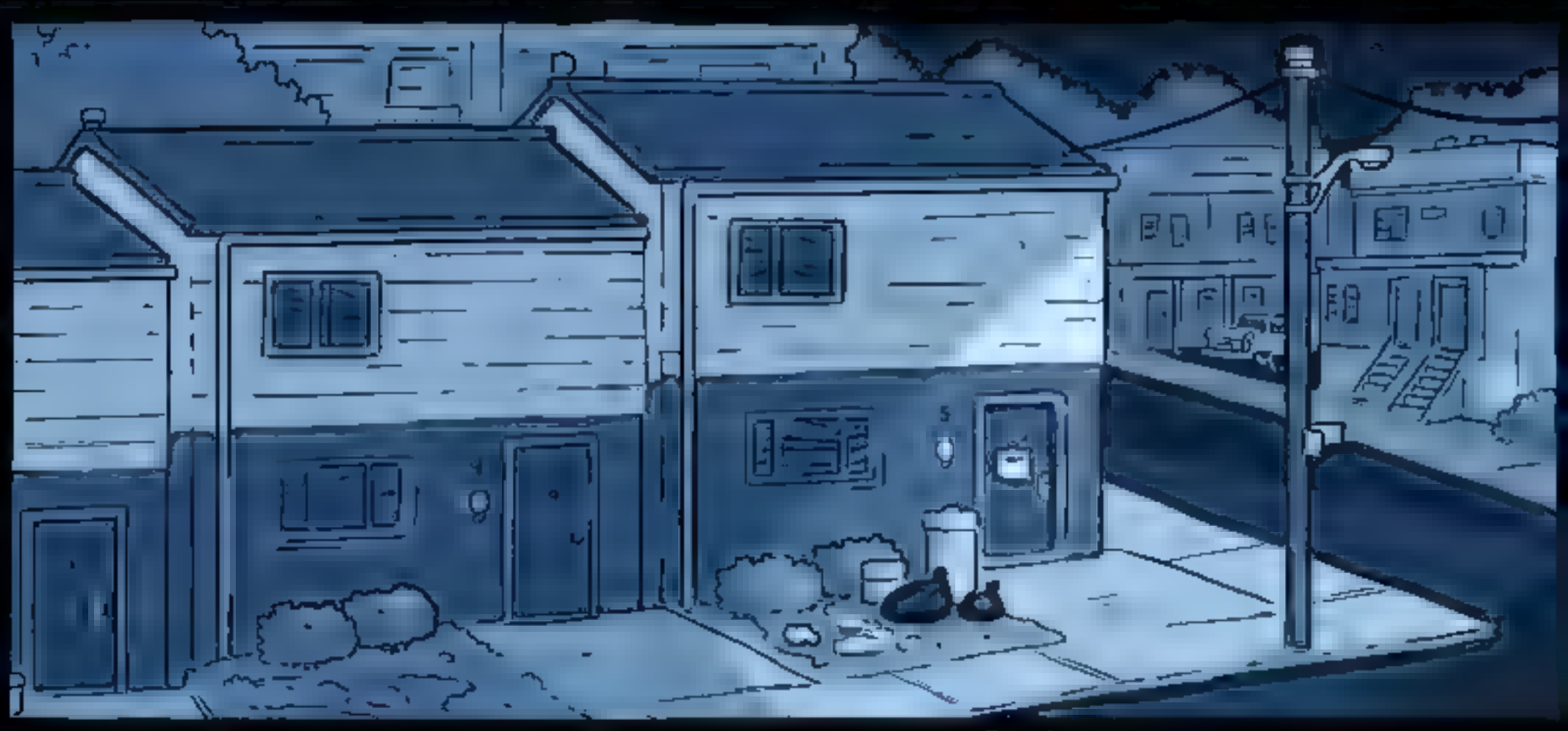
Sure, throw your lot in with *monsters* for a *paycheck*.
Sell that soul for a fancy wardrobe.

You don't know me.

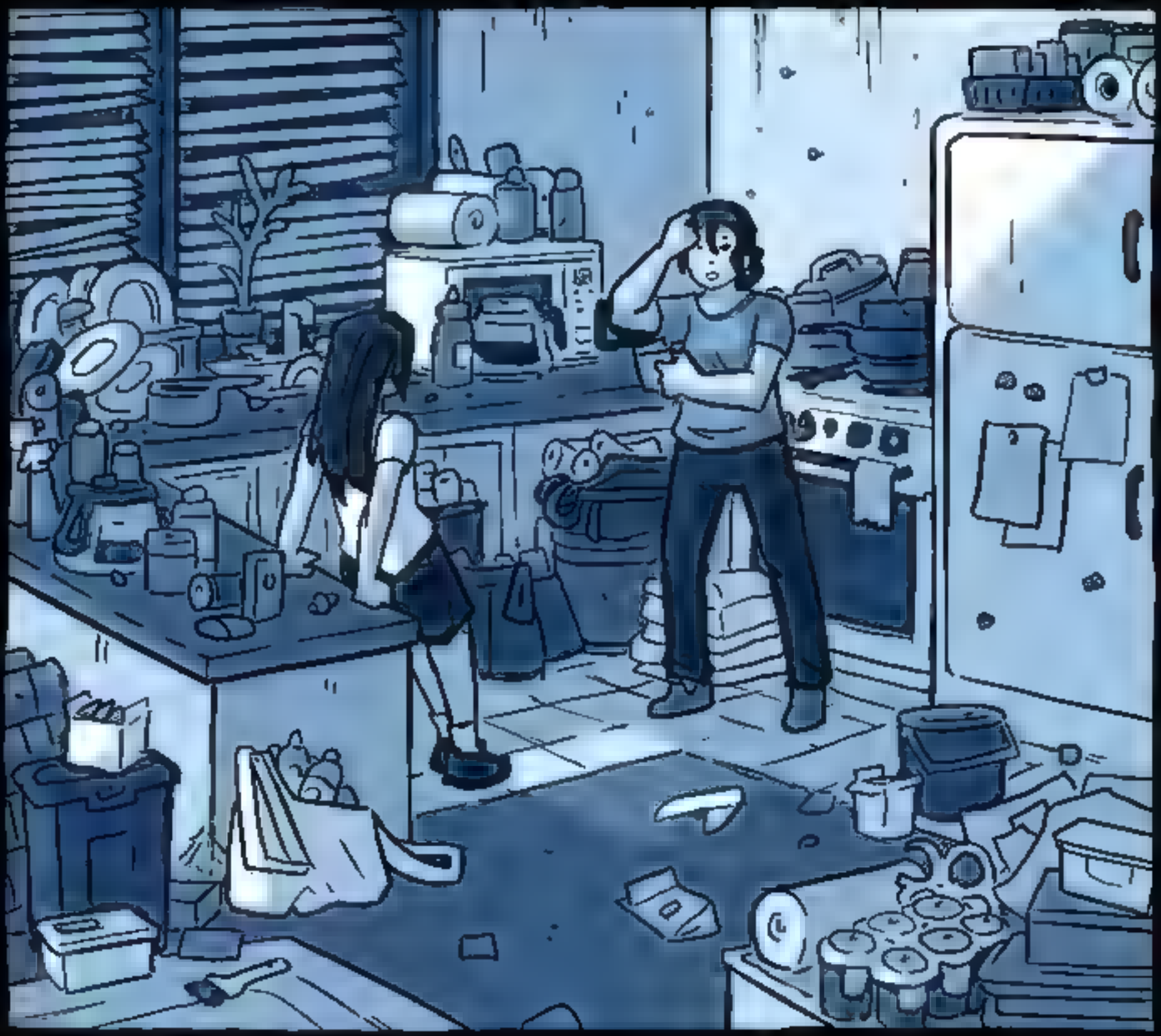
Don't you dare think you do.

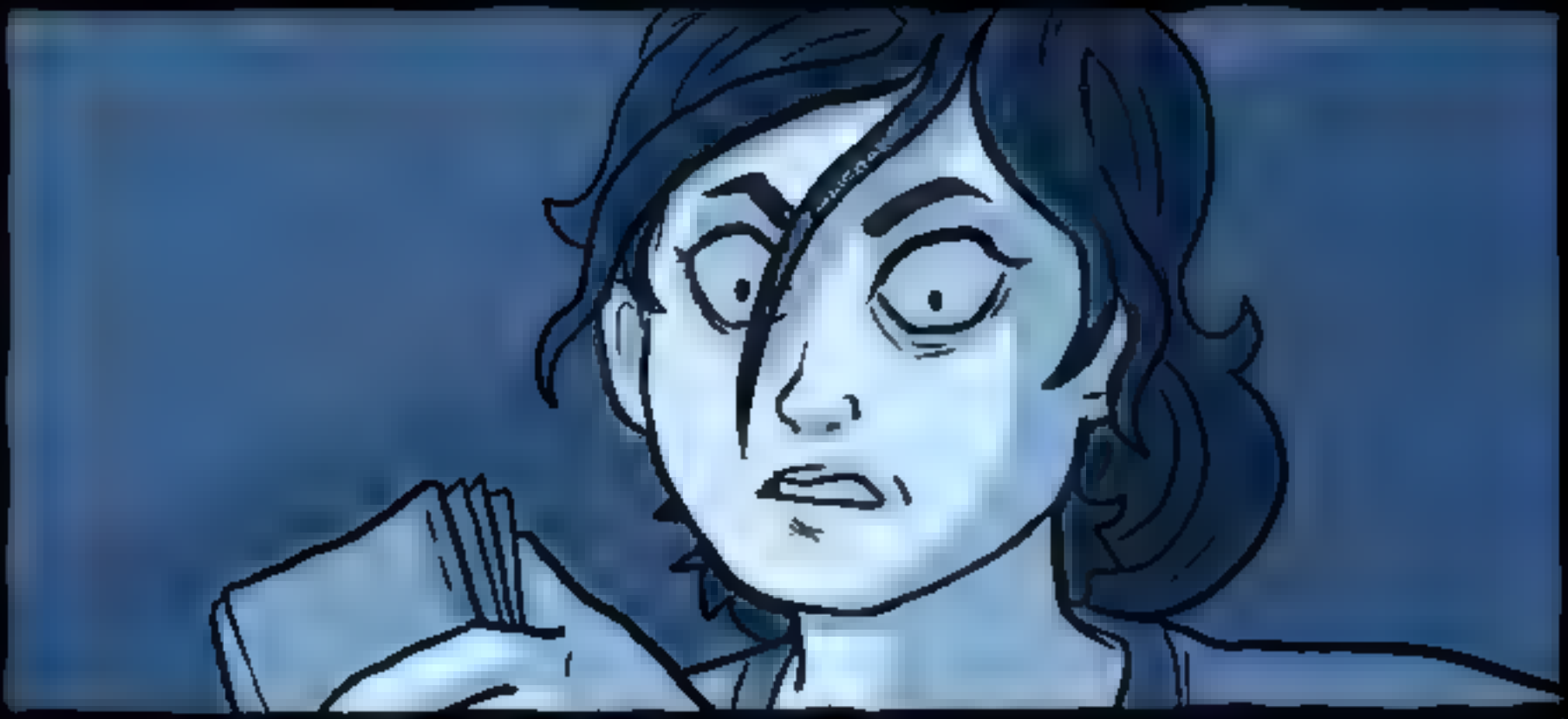
BAR

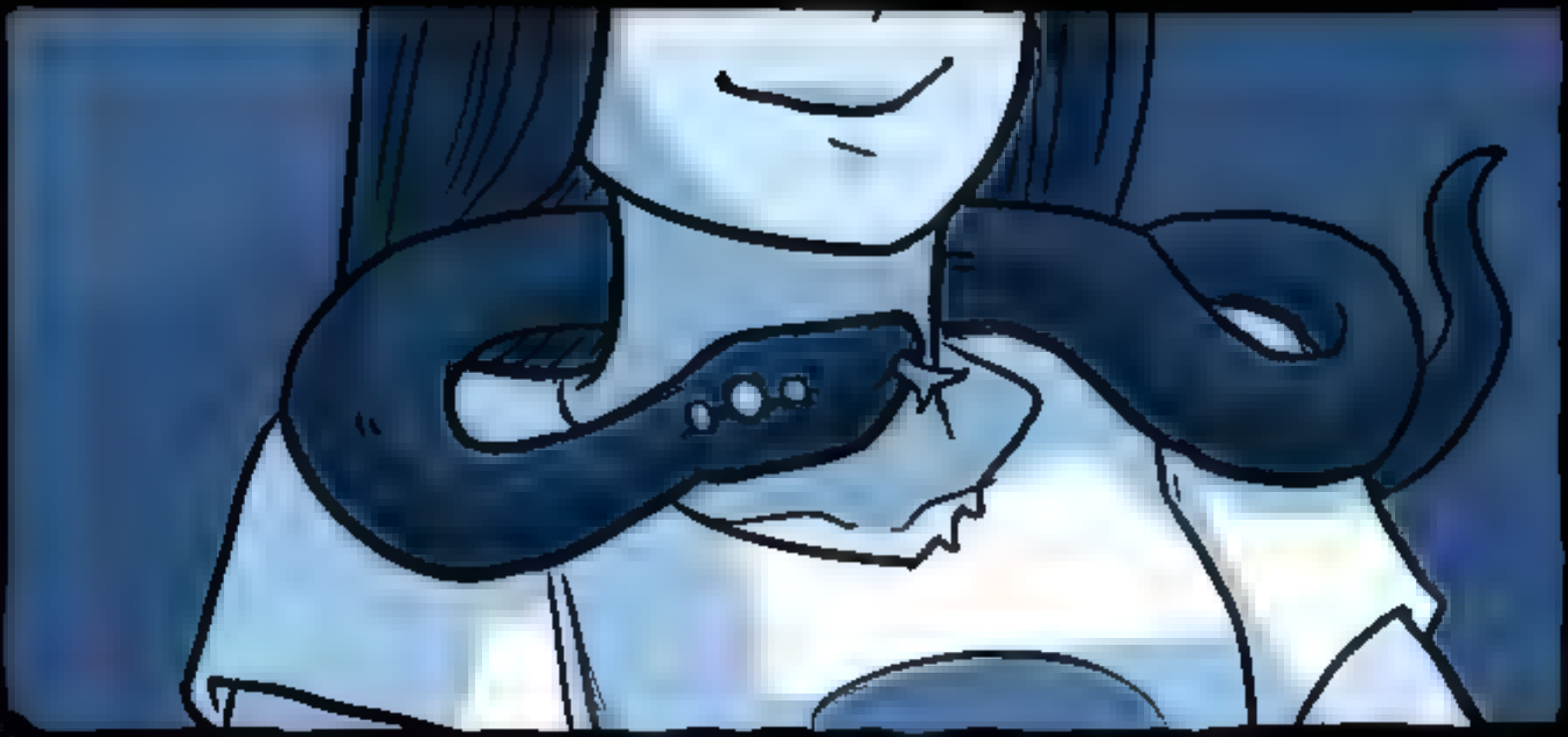
I fought for where I am today.



EVICTION







I fought for every.
Red.

Cent.

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